

HOW LAURA JEAN LIBBEY WAS LOVED, BUT NOT LURED AWAY.

DAISY GORDON'S FOLLY

A MASTER WORKMAN'S OATH

OLIVE'S COURTSHIP.

When His Love Grew Cold

Lyndall's Temptation, OR, BLINDED BY LOVE.
A Story of Fashionable Life at Lenox.

Only a Mechanic's Daughter.

The Flirtations of a Beauty:
OR
A SUMMER'S ROMANCE AT NEWPORT.
A FASCINATING STORY OF A LOVELY BELLE'S ADVENTURES
By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

The Crime of HALLOW-EEN

LITTLE RUBY'S RIVAL LOVERS
OR
A Cruel Revenge.

THE ALPHABET OF LOVE

THE BEAUTIFUL COQUETTE

Willful Gaynell:
OR
THE LITTLE BEAUTY OF THE PASSING COTTON MILL.
A ROMANTIC STORY OF THE LIFE AND LOVE OF A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL.

PRETTY FREDA'S LOVERS:
Married by Mistake
A THRILLING ROMANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SCHOOLGIRL.

LITTLE LEAFY

THE AMERICAN LAUREATE OF POPULAR PASSION FRANKLY REVEALS HOW SHE WAS WOODED AND WON.



MRS. VAN MATER-STILWELL—LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.
PHOTO BY THOMPSON BROOKLYN

Miss Libbey's Ideal in Fiction.	Miss Libbey's Ideal in Real Life.
The hero of "He Loved and Was Lured Away" was pale.	Mr. Van Mater Stilwell is dark.
The hero of "The Beautiful Coquette" was beardless.	He has whiskers.
The hero of "Little Rosebud's Lovers" was broad-shouldered.	He is slender.
The hero of "The Clockmaker's Beautiful Daughter" was fond of society.	He does not care for society.
The hero of "The Alphabet of Love" read Dickens.	He doesn't care for novels.
The hero of "Lyndall's Temptation" quoted Byron.	He never quotes poetry.
The hero of "When His Love Grew Cold" was talkative and given to confidences.	He proposed on a trolley car.
The hero of "The Crime of Halloween" fell in love at sight.	His love was the growth of a year.
The hero of "Miss Middleton's Lovers" was a dandy.	He is indifferent to dress.
The hero of "Pretty Odette's Kiss" liked to play croquet.	He likes to drive fast horses.
The hero of "Madolin Rivers" was a capitalist.	He is a brilliant lawyer.

MISS LAURA JEAN LIBBEY, the creator of more love romances and amorous situations than any woman alive, has just realized a romance all her own. She has married. She is no longer Laura Jean Libbey in reality, but the wife of Mr. Van Mater Stilwell, a Brooklyn lawyer. It was a love match, but Miss Libbey has married a man exactly the reverse of her ideal lovers in her numerous passion stories. As a matter of fact, Miss Libbey is not romantic. Her romance writing is her means of livelihood. She creates her heroes to please the large working girl clientele to which she caters.

She dislikes poetry and men who quote poetry. She was engaged four years, but was married at three hours' notice. Her husband proposed on a Flatbush trolley car. She was married in a dress she bought in a Fulton street store.

In an interview accorded to a representative of the Sunday Journal she makes a frank and most interesting confession about her lovers in fiction and her lover in real life, and why she married a Brooklyn lawyer, who is in every respect just the opposite of her popular hero, WHO LOVED BUT WAS LURED AWAY.

MRS. MATER-STILWELL, the novelist bride, received me in her boudoir. It is luxurious, but the little studio at the rear is more confidential.

"Till then we wended our way. Her elbows on her desk, her chin in her plump, "bedecked and bediamonded hands," to use one of her descriptions of one of her own heroines, Mrs. Stilwell, the creator of dramatic romances, waited gravely to be interviewed. She was pretty and business like. She had said "there should be perfect frankness between us," and there was.

Mine is a Real Love Match.

"Was yours a real love match, Miss Libbey—I mean Mrs. Stilwell?" I began. "O yes, I am sure it will be a long time before people get used to calling me Stilwell," she replied. "The name Libbey is better known, you know. Yes, it was a love match. Besides, after my mother died and my sister was married again, the house was so lonely I just had to get married."

"A woman must cling to something stronger than she is, like the ivy about the oak, as I have said somewhere in one of my novels."

"I notice that your heroines usually marry in a great hurry. Did you?"

"I had three hours' notice, I may say. The shortest time to prepare a trousseau on record, wasn't it?"

"You see, Mr. Stilwell had waited a long time, and when he called one afternoon at 5 o'clock and said if I didn't marry him that evening he wouldn't call any more."

It Was Just Like the Marriage of "Little Rose Bud."

"I knew he meant it."

"So we were married at 8. It was just like the marriage of Little Rose Bud, in 'Little Rose Bud's Lovers,' you remember. He said 'Now or never,' and he meant it."

"I didn't fancy the 'never' idea."

"What woman does?"

"And so we were married."

"The moon, you know, sees many brooks; but the brook sees only the one moon, as I have remarked somewhere."

"You make your heroines meet their lovers in romantic places, under trees, by the brooks, on the edge of precipices, and when they are being thrown from horses. Did you meet Mr. Stilwell in any such way?"

I First Met Him Through a Bottle of Liniment.

"Bless my soul, no! The first time I saw him he called on my mother with a bottle of liniment. He said it would be sure to help her. It had done his mother lots of good."

"The real Laura Jean Libbey heroines always receive a quick and lasting impression of each other. Was it the same with you and Mr. Stilwell?"

"Well, ah—there was an impression, of course. There are always impressions, you know. I thought he looked ridiculous with the bottle of liniment in his hand."



MR. VAN MATER-STILWELL.
PHOTO BY FRANK PEARSALL, BROOKLYN.

"It was such a big bottle that I fancied he was a veterinary surgeon. 'I didn't like to let him see mother.'"

"And then—"

"Well, really—he had whiskers, and—"

"I always did abhorminate whiskers."

I Admit I Do Not Admire Whiskers.

The man that lured her from literature to love wears whiskers, as you will see from the reproduction of his photograph on this page.

"But what's the use of expecting a woman to be consistent?" the authoress of "The World Lost for Love's Sake" responded pensively.

"Oh, consistency, then, are a jewel," Shakespeare moaned. You know how it is yourself. We women don't have it. I did hate whiskers. I hate them yet, but love can overlook everything, even whiskers."

"Yes, even whiskers."

"Is that you, Mr. Stilwell?"

"The gentleman you heard gliding upstairs just now wears whiskers, and—"

"He is Mr. Stilwell."

"But we have agreed to say nothing about his—or face trimmings. You know what Shakespeare says about beauty being 'only skin deep.'"

"And his impression of you?" I inquired.

Mrs. Stilwell blushed, then laughed uneasily.

The Dawning of Our Love.

"You are very horrid and peevish," she murmured, "but I will answer you. The truth is he said he was surprised to see me so fat. He said he had thought I was slender."

"Ah, well! Life is not what it seems. Neither are people."

"Now, Mrs. Stilwell, is your husband like the heroes of your books?"

My Real Ideal Is Not My Book Ideal.

"God forbid!" replied the novelist bride, and she said it with reverence.

"I have married my ideal. Bear in mind, please, that I do not say the ideal of my books."

Why I Love Lawyers.

"I always have had a strong, secret yearning for lawyers. They are clever fellows. I like their dry ethics, their hair-splittings, and marvel at their power of dissimulation. When I met a man who had all these gifts I was interested in him."

"He was absolutely unlike any of my heroes, a sensible, practical fellow, 'with no nonsense about him.'"

"Isn't your real lover at all like your ideal lovers—like Gerald Romaine in 'The Beautiful Coquette'?"

"As to the heroes of my novels in general, Mr. Stilwell isn't like them at all, I fear."

"But I thought your ideals were romantic men, with 'big, moon-like eyes' and 'drooping silky mustaches and a melancholy air.'"

"So they are, because the girls who read my stories—I believe nineteen-twentieths of my readers are girls—like to read about that kind."

"As a matter of fact, if any such suitors came about here I think I would be desperate enough to call in the police."

"I mean I would have, for my day of suitors is over."



Mrs. Stilwell blushed and looked tenderly at the serious, bewhiskered face in a gilt frame on the plain white marble mantelpiece.

"You have been too busy to encourage many suitors?" I ventured.

"Encourage them? Bless you! They didn't need encouragement. I had a troupe of them, and they didn't need a second look from me."

"You are very magnetic?"

"It was a different magnetism than mine that attracted them. It was"—

Mrs. Stilwell lowered her voice to a whisper—"the magnetism of gold."

I Dream and Then Write.

"I have made a little fortune, not half so large as my followers think, though, with my pen, and my power of recalling dreams."

"For I dream most of my plots at night. Didn't you know that? It's a fact. I really believe my success is due to the faculty of remembering dreams. Do you remember what you dreamed last night?" I inquired.

"Something about a schoolmaster and a ride through the woods and a quarrel. I can't remember."

"Of course, you can't. Few people can. Now I would remember that the schoolmaster had red hair and brown eyes, and that he made love to me on the ride through the woods. I would remember that he proposed, and that we quarreled."

"How did Mr. Stilwell propose?"

How My Husband Proposed.

"Really, now, I don't remember how Mr. Stilwell proposed. People are too nervous at such times to remember details."

"But your heroines propose?"

"I know it. Something like this from 'That Pretty Young Girl'—I remember every word, for I perspired over it. I always do perspire over the proposals. They are the hardest work I do. The hero said to the pretty girl: 'I have read of the desire of the moth for the star—the pure, bright stars shining in the far-off heaven, far from the moth as you in your fair loveliness and queenly grace from me. But I love you so. Love could bridge over such a distance as is between heaven and earth. Some men have many loves, I have but this one. Some men worship many fair faces. I love only yours. I give you all that a man can give to the woman he loves—my soul, my life.'"

"If Mr. Stilwell had talked to me like that I would have rejected him. All I remember is he talked in the same reasonable, dry, logical manner, without any excitement whatever. Just as I heard him plead a civil case."

"I told him I wouldn't marry while my mother lived."

"He said he would wait."

"And he did wait four years, until the poor sufferer of nine weary years passed on."

He Proposed at High Noon, at Flatbush.

"Your heroines proposed in the twilight, when they were reclining by a brookside. How did Mr. Stilwell propose?"

"My lover proposed to me at high noon on a Flatbush car. Can you imagine anything more prosaic? It's a long ride from the bridge, and we had the car to ourselves at the last."

"Don't the heroes of your novels fall in love at first sight?"

"Always, but our love was the growth of a good twelve months, and, to my mind, even that is rather sudden. I believe my originality did desert me on that occasion and that I made the current remark, 'This is so sudden!'"

"One thing I do remember is that he didn't quote poetry. Really, between you and me, I don't care much for poetry. Next of it is bosh, and Mr. Stilwell abhors it."

"He is absolutely automatic."

"He never read a novel in his life."

"He doesn't even know the names of mine."

"Please remember that I am not romantic myself."

"Your heroines, I have noticed, always put their hands on their hearts when they propose. Did Mr. Stilwell?"

"What horrid realism! I really don't know. I didn't look at him. I was looking at the new houses, but I listened, and I'll confess it was rather pleasant."

"I am glad that I have followed the advice of my friend, Colonel Tom Ochiltree. He told me not to marry until I cared for the man. And that is really all there is to tell, isn't it?"

"I was married in an old dress."

"I wore a simple white organdy over white silk, that I bought at a store on Fulton street a year ago for my sister's wedding. I really hadn't time to prepare anything. It was all Mr. Stilwell's fault. He was so impatient."

"Will you come down and have a glass of port and an oyster stew? No? Well, good night."

—A. D. PATTERSON.